King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?
Tir. Iames *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.
King. *Art* thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.
King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them,
King. Thou singst sweet musicke. Come hither *Tirrill*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare. *He whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say, is it done
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.
King. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrell*, ere we sleepe?

Enter Buckingham.

Tir. Yea my good Lord.
Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.
King. Well let that passe, *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.
King. *Stanly*, he is your wiues sonne: Well looke too it.
Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of *Herford* and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse.
King. *Stanly* looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to *Richmond* you shall answere it.
Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust demand?
King. As I remember *Henry* the sixt
Did propheisie that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish boy,
A King perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My Lord.
King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.
Buc. My Lord, your promise for the Earledome.
King. *Richmond*, when last I was at *Exeter*,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,
And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once
I should not liue long after I saw *Richmond*
Buc. My Lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promisde me.
King. Well, but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.